

A NYMPH OF THE WATER



MISS ANNA MORECROFT heads the Neptune's Daughter show, with "the Great Wortham Show" at the Military carnival to be held on West Franklin street. Miss Morecroft has won 87 cups for her prowess in the water and her victories represent contests in this country, England, Australia, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands.

TODAY'S AMUSEMENTS

MARY PICKFORD FIGHTS.

"A Poor Little Rich Girl" will disclose Mary Pickford in a picture which, although of typical Pickford charm, presents the famous girl-star in a character quite different from anything in which she has appeared heretofore. For instance, who ever heard of Mary Pickford being a regular little boy-cat, when it comes to fighting? Yet this is just what proves to be the case in "Little Mary's" new film when a gang of street urchins attack her at her palatial home. The urchins used in these scenes were instructed to give real battle and in fighting them off the popular little star had her hands full in every sense of the expression—as well as her teeth and feet. After this fight Miss Pickford's character, for the day of the studio, ceased right then and there and those who will witness the affair on the screen of the Wigwam theater, Monday, will easily understand why this was the case.

Thursday Mary Miles Minter will be seen in "The Gentle Intruder." See both Marys and compare their work.

—Adv.

"BRIDGES BURNED."

Madame Olga Petrova shows her re-

markable versatility in her new picture, "Bridges Burned," showing at the Wigwam, for, instead of a beauty and comely role in which she is so excellent, she beautifully and sweetly portrays a young Irish girl, Mary O'Brien, whose father has once owned a beautiful estate, but is now in straightened circumstances. Mary meets and loves a young English baronet, Randal, and though he later marries her, she leaves him before her child is born in order that they may not be a hindrance to him. Mary Randal becomes the most beloved of all the women in the factory sections of her country, always helping and aiding the factory girl until she is quoted and talked of everywhere. She is loved by O'Farrell, the manager of a factory, who offers her marriage, but she refuses to secure a divorce from Randal because of her little son. How the great war comes and makes of all other things such as pride and personal ambition matters of little moment, and brings to Mary a happiness which compensates for all suffering, is the theme of the beautiful story. This picture will be shown today and tomorrow.—Adv.

WIGWAM "TAKING CHANCES." "Taking Chances," another of those splendid newspaper stories dealing with the adventures of a girl reporter, will be shown at the Wigwam today.

TEAL WILL BE BACK IN THE CAST AGAIN ON MONDAY

After an absence of four days in order to make way for some big eastern road shows, the Raymond Teal company will return to the Texas Grand theater on Monday night and continue to give first-class scenic productions at popular prices. The first will be "Rooms for Rent," a timely satire on the house-hunting problem, as viewed from the householder's, as well



JESSIE MAYE WALSH. With Raymond Teal Co.

as the tenant's point of view. Although the company has been out of town the past few days, the scenic artists, however, remained here, and those attending Monday night's performance will be treated to another example of Art Phillips' genius. It is promised, Mr. Teal, who has not been much in evidence the past few weeks, owing to a severe cold, will again appear in his favorite character in black-face, "Rooms for Rent" will be presented Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

only, "Taking Chances" is the story of a young Southern girl, who is assigned by her editor to learn how the white slavers lure their victims. She goes to the Grand Central depot and pretends to be a country girl who is lost. She falls the victim of a professional white slaver and has some very thrilling adventures before she is rescued by an old sweetheart, who had seen her talking with the white slaver and followed her. The romantic ending after the white slaver game has been captured makes a most satisfactory finish to a most acceptable picture. There will also be a comedy on the bill.

Tomorrow, the Wigwam will show "Shorty" Hamilton Promotes His Love Affair.—Adv.

THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE BIJOU.

You don't want to miss the bill at the Bijou today. It is for the whole family and especially arranged to suit both young and old. After you have seen it, you will be well pleased.

Coming tomorrow is the darling of the screen, Mary Pickford, in a splendid drama, "A Lodging for the Night." Place Mary Pickford in the role of a poor orphan, in a splendid drama, with the village minister as misinterpreted by the scandalous gossipers and you have a subject that is full of pathos and sure to please the many followers of Mary Pickford. We think it is one of the best short dramatic subjects B. W. Griffith ever directed and we urge you to see it. There will be the "Black Cat Feature" also tomorrow. It is some bill for our patrons.—Adv.

A SHOW WITH A PUNCH



ALLENE DURANO.

"It Pays To Advertise" Up-roariously Funny, Preaches a Business Sermon.

"What sort of cartoons do you wear?" Boston, of course. Why? Because they are better than others? Of course not. Because you have read about them so much in advertisements that instinctively, when you want a pair of garters, you ask for Boston garters.

This might be called the text for the sermon on the value of printer's ink, in the farce comedy. "It Pays to Advertise" is as truly a sermon as it is

a vehicle for the production of merriment.

"Get 'em talking about you—hoisting or knocking, it matters not which—but for heaven's sake don't let 'em keep quiet," is the secret of success, according to George Sweet, the Ambrose Peale of the east. Advertising, he says, is his business and he expounds the science of advertising with the facility of a Methodist preacher discussing the doctrine of infant baptism. "You hate Roosevelt; I like him; why," he asks. "Simply because he read different papers," he continues. "Ninety-seven percent of the public believes what it is told, Roosevelt is the greatest little advertiser in the world."

"Say the thing often enough and hard enough and the other fellow will not only believe it, but he will soon begin to believe that he is the one who you are saying. Ninety-seven percent of the people are sheep and here what they are told; start them right and you can get 'em all; you can do it by advertising. Advertising is responsible for everything that is going on in the world."

"A fellow's got to keep tooting his own horn or somebody will stuff it full of cotton. An awful lot of people buy stuff, not because it is better, but because it is higher priced and they think it ought to be better. When you read an advertisement of a shirt waist worth four dollars reduced to two dollars, do you believe it? No. Neither do I, but there are a lot of women who do, and they buy 'em. Fifty million dollars were spent last year in advertising in the American magazines, \$14,000,000 in advertising in the newspapers and magazines and on the bill boards. Every time the American Tobacco company puts out a new cigarette it appropriates 200,000 to advertise it. Would hard-headed business men do this if advertising did not pay?"

You say you don't read advertisements. But I don't have to tell you I am talking of a collar when I say E. W. do it. Why? Advertising. You know all about them when I mention the Gold Dust Twins, Bull Durham, Grape Nuts, B. V. D. the variety, Grape Juice, Corn Flakes, Fatima cigarettes. Of course you do. Why? Because they are advertised.

You know Ivory soap floats. Why? Because it is advertised. Wisdom of this sort flows fast throughout the progress of the play, which deals with the efforts of the son of a soap king to convince his father that he can make good. The son (James J. Sullivan) joined in a former theatrical press agent (George Sweet) is advertising manager, begins a campaign of advertising a new brand of soap on a shoestring and in the end, the two land orders enough to make them rich without ever having erected a factory. They sell out their trade-mark to the soap king father (George Schaeffer) for a million and an interest in his business. As a result of their advertising campaign, they make a market for a product they have never taken time to manufacture and at a price undreamed of at the outset. "Any young man who can sell soap for sixty cents a cake that he buys from me at three cents, has got to have me for a partner," is the old man's declaration about his son when he buys the boy's business.

Allene Durano as Mary Grayson, the stenographer, first in the office of the older man, later that of the son, plays quite an important part in the play, eventually giving her hand in marriage to the son and attaching herself to a salary in the old man's company as a result of his regard for her business ability.

There are other characters in the show, all of them well cast. This is particularly true of Desires Stimpert, as the advertiser, and M. J. Sullivan, as Johnson, the butler.

The show has plot enough to be interesting and it is funny, enough to make you laugh all evening and keep you chuckling next day, while, if you don't believe in advertising, it will convince you that you ought to spend money for publicity even if you have nothing but personality and faith to advertise.

"A MODERN CINDERELLA." The Alhambra today only will have as its feature a very pleasing picture play, "A Modern Cinderella," wherein is starred June Caprice, the winsome miss of the William Fox studio. The story is a romantic one, building up with fun and light situations and is as its name implies a modern romance. Miss Caprice is now to El Paso picture-goers, but has made a decided hit all over the country since joining the Fox players.—Adv.

KEYSTONE COMEDY AT GRECIAN.

The Lion and the Girl, a two reel Keystone comedy that will be vied for by the many who saw it here at a previous showing, will be the laugh making attraction at the Grecian today. The Girl is Claire Anderson, one of the famous Keystone beauties, and the Lion is just a lion, but he plays a prominent part in this comedy, and with the aid of Joe Jackson, the noted tramp comedian, there are so many ludicrous situations that the audience is kept in a constant uproar.—Adv.

The Month of March Will Witness Much Activity in

AUSTIN TERRACE

BUILDING ACTIVITY in Austin Terrace will be brisk with the beginning of Spring. Over a quarter of a Million Dollars will be expended in the next few months in new Residences in this ideal section.

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Try It Today On Your Hair. Then Tomorrow

"Well, You Will Already See a Startling Difference. It's All in What You Use, That's All," Says Valeska Suratt, the Diadem Among America's Stage Beauties.

BY VALESKA SURATT.

IT SOUNDS queer, but it's true—the surest way to make hair grow long, silky and beautiful is in the easiest way, no other way "at this way, and here it is. That this will actually compel your hair to grow faster, longer and with a superb gloss of life and vigor, is as sure as the sun will rise in the morning. There is no doubt of it. You can do it, just as thousands of others have already done. There are lots of "hair-teasers" sold, but to tell you the truth, I have never yet found one that actually made hair grow. After all, that's what you want, a real grower. A few days' use of my hair formula, which I gladly make public here, will convince you that what I say is right. The fact is I have not told half of its wonderful work. Your hair will stop falling, thin spots will fill in, and your hair will be the envy, for length and beauty, of your many friends. Add one ounce of hair-quinol to a half pint each of alcohol and water (or a full pint of bay rum instead), and mix thoroughly. Now you have it. Use it liberally every day, and it is not oily and is very pleasant to use. It is, besides, very economical.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

MRS. S. W.—What if beauty is skin deep—it is one of the powerful things that make the world go round,—and makes men's heads go round, too. I think it's sour grapes to you,—but it won't be in a couple of weeks. You'll wonder why other women "have such poor complexions." Go to the drug store and get one ounce of zinc oxide. Mix with two tablespoonfuls of glycerine in one pint of water. Apply this cream rather thick and rub it in thoroughly, every day. You'll see every blemish disappear quickly, and your "dream" will come true. It never fails to give a queenly, adorable, extraordinary complexion.

SEEKER—I don't wonder you become embarrassed from your excessive arm pit perspiration. You can stop that unnatural condition, and also remove all the unpleasant odor instantly, by applying hydrolyzed talc to the armpits. You can get it at any drug store. It beats any prepared article sold for this purpose.

MISS N. A. E.—It is the alkali in the soaps and prepared shampoos you use that does that. Your hair will be brittle and the scalp dry as long as you use them. That's because the alkali in soap destroys natural oil secretions in hair. Here's a wonderful little hint for a headache. It dissolves every bit of fatty substance and scale from scalp, leaves hair and scalp exquisitely clean. A teaspoonful of alcohol in half cup of water gives the greatest shampoo imaginable. Twelve shampoos can be gotten from only twenty-five cents worth of alcohol, secured from the drug store.

OBEDIENT—It must be your druggist ran out of stock of the epol for making up my wrinkle formula. If you still can't get it, however, send the price, fifty cents, to "Secretary to Valeska Suratt, Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill." and it will be sent to you without delay.



MRS. MCK—I would rather go around with the hairs on my forehead than get them off the way you men-parkers. They irritate, reddens and spot the skin, often for weeks afterwards. By moistening the superfluous hairs with swift solution, obtainable at any drug store, they just dissolve away like snow in the sun. There's no spot or mark left.

WONDERING—You certainly can. My wrinkle formula, which gets those deep lines and crows' feet out of your face almost as your photographer got them out of the picture you mention. You'll look as young as your picture, yes, 15 years younger, if you will make up this cream as follows and use it freely, daily. To two ounces of epol add one tablespoonful of glycerine and stir into half a pint of hot water. You'll have a cream that will do the work as nothing can or has ever done. Try it.

TOODLES—Yes, the name of my own face powder is "Valeska Suratt Face Powder," and sold for fifty cents at drug stores, in flesh, white and brunette tints. It was made after my own formula, to get away from that aggravating pasty chalkiness so common in other powders. Mine is almost invisible. It stays on, and I tell you, my dear, it stays on, too. It gives a perfect rosy bloom.

MISS A. A.—There's no excuse whatever for having blackheads, when you can get rid of them almost magically, and in a few moments, as getting some powdered norexin at the drug store, and sprinkling some of it on a hot wet sponge, and then rubbing the blackheads with it. You will be surprised how wonderfully and quickly this will remove all of them, big and little ones.

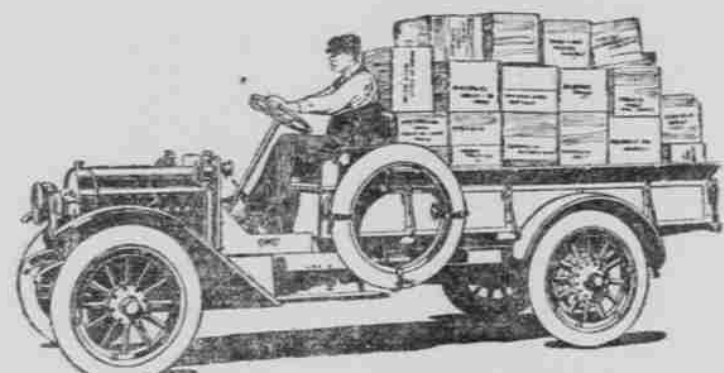
FUSSY—So, you've heard about the Suratt pillow top, too. Well, I do think it elegant indeed. I have arranged to supply these at the special price of fifty cents each. It is made in orange and purple with my large photograph and signature in the center. Send fifty cents to "Secretary to Valeska Suratt, Thompson Bldg., Chicago," and my secretary will send you one.

BLUE—Well, you'll feel worse if you keep on using those instruments for hair development. They are ruinous. Nobody can promise you such things, but there is one thing that should develop it if anything can, and that is a mixture of two ounces of rucotone and half a cup of sugar in a half pint of water. This, taken two tablespoonfuls after meals and at bedtime, should work, and is perfectly safe.—Adv.



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